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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

EAST SAGINAW.

W. L. P. LITTLE & CO.,

Bankers and Exchange Brokers,

BUY AND SELL EXCHANGES,

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GOLD AND SILVER, &C.

Will give prompt attention to Collections,

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JOHN WEST & SON.

Butchers and dealers in Meats, Butter, Eggs, Lard



EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

HENRY HOBBS, PROPRIETOR.

(Opened September 7, 1859.)

THIS EXCELLENT HOTEL OFFERS IN-

conveniences to travelers, either for business or

pleasure, unsurpassed by any house in the west.

Particular attention given to the sale and lease of

premises; baths, warm and cold; gas; steam heating

apparatus; and first class accommodations in every

respect. The tables are furnished with an abundance

of game of all kinds in season.

H. HOBBS, Proprietor

East Saginaw, August 1, 1860.

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paying taxes, &c., in Saginaw and adjoining Counties.

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(City Clerk's Office) East Saginaw, Mich.

A. & G. BIRDSALL.

Carry on the business of Blacksmithing and Wagon

Making at their old stand on Genesee street,

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NEIDERSTADT & SON.

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Wagon and Carriage Makers. Washington street,

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New Warehouse, Hoyt's dock, Water street.

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door south of N. W. Clark & Co., Water street.

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Jeweller, and dealer in Clocks, Watches, Toys, Jew-

elry, &c. Genesee street, 1st door east of Can-

dy's Hotel.

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side, in the Bayou.

H. C. SILSBEE.

Wholesale and retail dealer in and manufacturer of

Furniture of all kinds. Sales Rooms New Brick

Block, foot of Genesee street, 4th door from

corner.

A. H. MERSHON.

Manufacturer of pump jacks, faucets, &c. Salt

Selected Poetry.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

When we hear the music ringing
Through the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices sing,
Gladly bid us welcome come
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
"Shall we know each other there?"

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the dark eyes shining
On us as in the days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-born soul rejoices,
And my weary heart gives light,
For the thrilling angel voices—
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us to Heaven;
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
That their mortal friends to know.

Of ye weary ones and lost ones,
Drop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet tone lingers,
We shall know each other there.

THE AGES.

Infancy! a blushing spring,
Violet sunbeams and blossoming,
April sunshine, April's rain,
April's morn' to come again.
Boyhood! sun-kissed summer hours,
Fragrant with a thousand flowers,
Smiling 'neath a cloudless sky,
Chasing life's bright butterfly.
Manhood! in autumnal suit,
Rich in sunset golden fruit,
God stamped, noble, tender, true,
Harvest of preceding day.
Age! a silvery winter scene,
Pining for dreams that have been,
Whits with frost, angel given,
Last and nearest step to heaven!

The Censorship of the Press.

From the N. Y. Times.

A great outcry is made against the press on account of errors and exaggerations in the dispatches from the Army of the Potomac and from Washington. These inaccuracies are to be deprecated, and every means should be taken to avoid them; but it is a fact, not yet wholly known to the public, that the chief fault in the premises rests on the government itself. After the recent battle at Fredericksburg, every effort was made by the correspondents there to transmit the facts speedily to their respective papers; and every effort was made by the government to prevent them from doing so. The telegraphic wires were forbidden except to the most meager statements, and those first to receive official approval; and reporters were compelled to run a blockade more strict than that of Charleston harbor, in order to carry through the accounts they had written on the spot. From Washington, also, no accounts of any importance were allowed to go by telegraph. The public, as well as the press, has already learned that the government manipulates army news to suit its supposed necessities. As a rule, success has been allowed a speedy announcement, while disaster has been permitted to proclaim itself only from the lips of straggling refugees, or through rebel bulletins. So it has finally become a proverb, that the silence of the government is a virtual declaration of defeat; and when, after the conflict of Sunday, the 14th inst., the truth was withheld by its officers and agents, it is not strange that the experiences and apprehensions of the public and the press should coincide to invest the events of that battle with an exaggerated and disastrous character.

Now that the agents of this censorship are beginning to declare their conviction that it is destined to a permanent existence, it is well for us to consider the true influence it exerts on the country and the war—and if, as many believe, not only are its evils greatly in excess of its benefits, but its consequences are altogether evil, and unattended, under its present management, with any benefits whatever, then it will become the duty of the government to make its abolition one of its early reforms.

Idleness.—Idleness has of late become a fashionable accomplishment with too large a portion of our young population. Employment is thought to be too vulgar, and a toil hardened hand not fit to be offered for the acceptance of the fair sex. Give us a hard hand, a hard head, and a soft heart; but instead of which, soft hands, soft heads, and hard hearts are all the go in what the dyspeptic pimps of etiquette call the beau monde. The caterpillars of sloth are making great havoc in our neglected juvenile nurseries. They are stripping the young shrubs of promise of their greenest foliage, and blighting the buds of enterprise as fast as they appear. If matters go on in this way much longer, the rising generation will soon become fit for nothing but to be hung up as scarecrows in the moral grain fields, to frighten young people into habits of industry.

Van Buren, Webster, Benton, Calhoun and Cass were all born in 1782, of whom the only the last survives.

A SETTLER'S EXPLOIT.

As Samuel Bowditch, one of the early settlers on Green river, in Kentucky, was going across a patch of swamp, one afternoon, about half a mile from his dwelling, to look after some cattle, he heard a stick snap behind him, and turning quickly round, he found himself confronted with a huge savage, in all the hideousness of his war paint, and with his rifle or musket leveled at his head. Bowditch himself had a rifle in his hand, but he knew the Indian could shoot before he could raise it and fire, so he did not make the attempt, but dropped it to the ground and held up his open palms, in token of surrender.

On seeing this, the savage walked up and said:—"Give up your gun!" The settler picked up his piece, and as he handed it to the other, said, in a very conciliatory tone:—"I see you're a big chief, and I hope we may be friends."

"Where live?" asked the savage, as he produced a stout thong of deer skin, and proceeded to bind the hands of his captive, who, being a small man, saw he was no match for the other, even with out weapons on either side, and so submitted quietly, though agonized at the thought of his poor helpless wife and children, in their lonely cabin over the hill.

"I live out yonder, a great ways from here," replied the captive, nodding his head in the proper direction.

"How many got?" queried the savage. The settler hesitated about telling correctly. He first thought he would name large enough to deter the Indian from going thither, and thus, perhaps, save his wife and children from a fate like his own; but after a moment's reflection, it occurred to him that, should the savage take him there, a chance might arise for him to regain his liberty, and so he decided upon speaking the truth.

"Why no Long knife tell?" demanded the Indian, with an impatient frown.—"No, he make."

"No, chief, I'll tell you the truth.—There are only three persons in my cabin—my wife and two little children—but I know a big, brave chief like you won't hurt 'em."

"Me go see 'em!" returned the savage, with a fierce gleam of triumph, which the other did not fail to notice. Having tightly bound the hands of his captive behind his back, the savage took away his dress for any other weapon, took away his ammunition, and putting both weapons over his own shoulder, told the white man to lead the way. This the latter did, full of hope, fear and general anxiety, and he came in sight of his humble log dwelling situated in a pleasant valley, through which flowed a pretty little stream, a branch of Green river, when the Indian ordered him to stop, and proceeded to make him fast to a tree, by means of another deer skin thong secured to that around his wrists.

"Ain't you going to let me go down to the house with you?" inquired the captive, now beginning to feel much alarm for the safety of his family.

"Me go alone!" returned this savage, gruffly. "Me big chief—want scalp." "Oh, for God's sake, don't kill my poor, innocent wife and children!" pleaded Bowditch, fairly agonized at the sad thought. "You're a great chief, I know, and you'll remember that I never did you any harm."

"Long knife scalp much good!" rejoined the Indian, solemnly, as he fastened binding the other to a tree, and strode away down the hill, carrying the two weapons with him. Bowditch watched him, step by step, as he glided away under cover of the trees, keeping some rock, stump or clump of bushes between him and the inmates of the dwelling, so they might not by any chance perceive his approach and take the alarm.

"At any rate I can hold 'em," muttered the captive, "and maybe they'll hear me." And forthwith he set up a series of yells that went echoing and reaching far away through the forest.

The settler saw his wife and children come in haste to the door, and look up the hill in alarm. At this he shouted at the top of his lungs:—"Quick, Esther—go back into the house and bar it up tight! The Indians are after you, and I'm a prisoner! Quick! quick! or you're lost, and the children, too!"

For a moment or two the mother and children stood as if paralyzed with amazement and terror, and then to his great relief, he saw his little boy point in the direction of the skulking savage, and all three hastily retired and closed the door.

The Indian now uttered a fierce yell, and stepping out into plain view, fired both pieces, one after the other, at the dwelling, as if he had impulsively adopted this means to vent his rage at being discovered and foiled of his murderous purpose. Then looking round at his captive, he threw down the rifle belonging to the latter, and drawing a tomahawk, started toward him on a run.—Bowditch, who had watched every motion, and knew that in his rage the savage would brain and scalp him, now gathered all his strength, and made one desperate effort to free himself, acting rather from the instincts of self-preservation than from any real hope of success.

But to his great joy, his unspoolable joy, he heard and felt his bonds strain, crack and snap, and suddenly found himself free; and his arms at liberty.—He looked quickly and wildly around,

almost disposed to doubt his senses—to discredit his good fortune—for any fortune then seemed good, which would give him even a bare chance for his life where he expected only certain death. The Indian was at least a hundred and fifty yards from him, and his rifle was unloaded, and with that start in a race for his own life, but that of his beloved wife and children—who so swift of foot to overtake him?

With a loud yell of mingled joy and defiance, away he went over the hill, and with a leader yell of rage at his unexpected escape, the fierce savage came bounding after him. Bowditch knew every inch of ground in that vicinity, and he had already regained sufficient presence of mind to shape his course so as to take advantage of all the chances in his favor. The hill, about the summit, was a succession of rocks and bushes, and over, though and along these natural obstructions, the fugitive believed he could make his way with any man living, either white or red, and so took the most troublesome route for his larger and more unwieldy pursuer, resolved, should he by chance find the latter gaining upon him, to double on him at a certain cave not more than a half mile distant, where he could enter, and by following one of the labyrinthine passages within, could come out on the same side into a thicket not more than fifty feet from the main opening.

Looking back occasionally, as he fled along his rocky way with the ease of a mountain goat, Bowditch soon discovered that however superior to him his adversary might be in more physical strength, he was no match for him in speed, in that particular locality; and this not only inspired him with the hope of escape, but with such confidence in his own resources, that he began in turn to calculate how best he might compass the destruction of his foe.

"Why not lure him into the cave," he muttered, "and let him fool his time round that, whilst I start back after my rifle, and then follow up the audacious whelp? I'll do it, and if I don't get even with him yet, then it's kaze fortin's agin me."

Having come to this determination, Bowditch slackened his pace until his pursuer was within fair view, when he pretended to stumble and fall, and then got up and ran with a limp, which caused the savage to yell with delight and double his exertions to overtake him.—This was exactly what he intended to bring about, and he now managed his pace with so much deception, that, though seeming to exert himself to the utmost, he permitted the panting savage to gain a little every minute, until the mouth of the cave was reached, at which time not more than a hundred paces divided them. The Indian saw the fugitive disappear in the dark opening, and believing he now had him secure once more, he came bounding up, and plunged in after him with a yell of triumph. The settler, who now every twist and turn of every passage in the cave—and there were many—now uttered a sort of wailing groan from the center, to draw the Indian on, and then quietly slipped off in a different direction, and reached the bright, open air about the same time the other did the middle of the interior.

"Now then for it!" muttered Bowditch, as he slipped over the brow of the hill, and ran down toward his dwelling, which owing to the ridge bending around the valley, in the shape of a magnet, or horseshoe, was scarcely as far distant as when he called to his wife.

His family saw him, and with a cry of joy his wife threw open the door.

"Quick! Esther!" he exclaimed, as he came up panting. "Other powder horn and some bullets—quick!"

"Ain't you coming in, Samuel?" inquired the wife in surprise and alarm.

"Just long enough to get them things, since you won't," he answered, as he bounded in and hurried to a rude shelf on one side of the room; "I've sort of played the coward once to-day," he added, "and now I'm going to wipe it out. Shut the door, Esther, and keep yourself and children out of danger. I'll be back soon. Good bye!" and without waiting for a reply, he ran out in the direction of his rifle, his wife vainly calling to him and entreating him to come back and not risk his life foolishly.

As soon as he had once more got hold of his rifle, he hastened to load it, and then, as he afterward expressed it, "like a new man." Then keeping himself as much under cover as possible, he hurried up to a point where he could secure himself and command a fair view of the mouth of the cave, within easy rifle range.

"Ef old Paint face hadnt nizzled," he muttered, with an ominous frown, "it's my opinion he never will!" and like a cat watching for game, he kept his eyes riveted upon the spot where he expected to see him appear.

For ten minutes all was still—nothing moved; and then, to his bitter satisfaction he beheld the Indian coming out with a stealthy step, looking cautiously and suspiciously around. The settler's rifle was already leveled, and for a moment or two he sighted directly at his heart, and then fired.

The savage threw up his hands convulsively, uttered a noise between a groan and a yell, and fell back quivering on the earth. Bowditch took time to re-load, and then approached him cautiously. He found him quite dead.

"I never scalped a red skin in my life," he muttered, "but I'll do so now!" and he did.

When he had finished his bloody work, and secured everything of value, he threw the dead body down the rocks, and left it to be devoured by the wild beasts and vultures. He then went home in triumph, and related his exploit to his astonished family. He lived for many years after in that vicinity, but was never again molested.

The Emancipation Proclamation.

By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, On the 22d day